Volume LX CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 24, 1910 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

What a joy it would be if there could come to pass a real revival of religion, of piety and morality, in the church of America,—of religion which should be quantitatively large, —a great, new growth of the soul; such a healthy bloom of piety as would make a White-Sunday all over the land, prophetic of the whole Messianic harvests of piety and morality which were to come! Why, if such a thing were to take place, and I were Governor of Massachusetts or President of the United States, though it were seed-time, or harvest-time, war-time even, I would issue my proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving and praise to the dear God who had given such gifts unto men. I would ask the people to come together in their meeting-houses, look each other in the face, take each other by the hand, embrace and sing their psalms of praise to the Infinite Father and Mother, whose kingdom had come on earth, and was shining as the sun from east to west. I would call on great orators for choicest speech; or the poets, "blest with the wisdom and the faculty divine" and furnished with "the accomplishment of verse,"—to sing the high song and canticles of joy—the great psalm of glorifying praise to him who is power, wisdom, justice, love. Nay, I would send my ambassadors to the nations of the earth, saying, "Come and rejoice with me, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost, and is found.—*Theodore Parker.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

The Inner Voice.—Lydia Avery Coonley Ward. .. 197
The Theodore Parker Anniversaries..... 198
Tolstoy.—*Ernest Crosby* 199

The Deeper Religious Life Necessitated In the Changing Order.—Professor George B. Foster.. 199
Has the Negro Kept Faith with Theodore Parker? President Isaac Fisher..... 202
Sociological Study of the Bible.—Louis Wallis.... 205

CORRESPONDENCE—

From J. W. F. Davies..... 205
What Is the Matter with the Ministry?—George H. Badger..... 206
Let Us Have the Committee.—Fred Alban Weil... 206
Lillie.—A. J. B. 206

THE FIELD—

Foreign Notes—M. E. H..... 207
The Visitor and the Visitee.—J. S. C..... 208

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE. CHICAGO

Sociological Study of the Bible.

Showing the Development of the Idea of God in Relation to History.

This course represents the newest way of studying the Bible; and it brings the so-called "higher criticism" to the popular mind along the lines of modern scholarship. You may take the course, tuition free, by attending the class which meets in Emerson Hall, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, corner of Langley avenue and Oakland boulevard. Time: Beginning Sunday afternoon, Nov. 27, at 3:30.

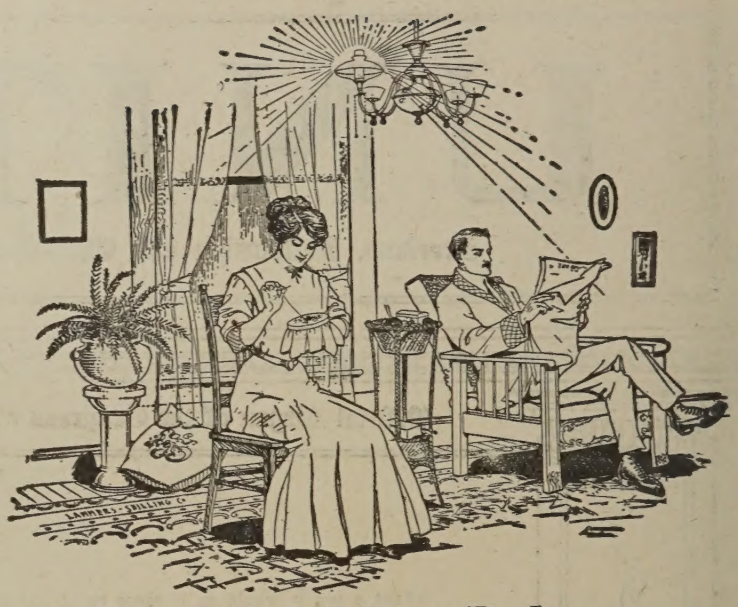
If you live too far away to attend the class, you may receive printed lessons weekly, at a nominal charge, and carry on the study at home by the correspondence method. Very important for clergymen and all who are interested in religion and the social problem.

Subjects—ANALYTICAL DIVISION; (1) Introductory view; nature of the Bible. (2) The Semitic Race; Israel among the nations. (3) Family institutions. (4) Industrial institutions. (5) The ancient gods; The gods of Israel; (a) Teraphim, or, family gods; (b) Baalim, or, district gods; (c) Yahweh, or the national deity. (6) The convenant with Yahweh.

SYNTHETIC DIVISIONS (1) The attack upon the Amorites of Canaan. (2) The contact of alien social groups, Isarelites and Amorites; the resulting tradition of hostility between Yahweh and the Baals. (3) Formation of the national social group—First phase: Saul, the early prophets, and the highest kingdom. Second phase: David, the inclusion of the Amorites, and the composite kindom. (4) The "increase of Yahweh." (5) The revolt of the people against the central power. (6) The Battle of the traditions —the prophets now divide into "regulars" and "insurgents"; the question of war between the gods *versus* peace between the gods. (7) The Babylonian exile, and the victory of the tradition of war between the gods. (8) Judaism and the Bible gospel of redemption. (9) Jesus and the spread of Bible religion throughout the world.

A large prospectus of this course, containing full information, will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

LOUIS WALLIS, Middle Divinity Hall, 5855 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Illinois,



Mr. and Mrs. Palmer

get solid comfort and contentment for less than three-fifths of a cent per hour—the cost of operating one **Amber Light** in their living room.

Five cubic feet of gas per hour makes this one light yield more illumination than the Palmer family formerly obtained from four lights of another type.

In volume it equals 150 candles.

In point of quality there is no other house light to approach it. No other light has the same restful, soothing effect on the eyes, and no other light shows up harmonies of dress and room decoration to the same advantage

The Palmer home is one of 3,000 in which we installed Amber lights last week.

We have representatives in your neighborhood every day.

Telephone or drop us a postal and we will have an **Amber Light** fitted to any one of your gas jets.

If you like it we will leave it and let you remit the cost ($1.60) in two payments with your gas bills.

The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company
PEOPLES GAS BUILDING, MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings, Grove, Ill.

DowdPureMilkCo.

4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country.

OUR MOTTO: Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery.

To test the value of Unity as an advertising medium for our line of business we have bought the use of this space and we wish to assure its readers that if we are given an opportunity to submit estimates for work in our line, either repairs or new, we will more than meet your expectations.

We employ none but skilled mechanics who do nothing but lay and finish floors.

Kenwood Parquet Floor Co.

E. A. Davis, Proprietor.

Phone Oakland 2320 4703 Cottage Grove Avenue

In a Hurry—Telephone

The value of a Bell telephone is particularly evident in emergency situations. It opens a quick way to relief.

Accidents, delays, hurried departures, unexpected arrivals, sickness, fire, burglary—all come in this category.

Time, money, convenience—often life itself—depend upon prompt communication.

Relief may be in sight, or a thousand miles away. It matters not. The Local and Long Distance Bell Telephone can be used in either situation

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY — LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

Chicago Telephone Company

203 Washington Street Main 294—Contract Department

TELEPHONE FOR A TELEPHONE

The Fastest Growing Laundry in Chicago

1901--One Wagon

1910--Fourteen Wagons and Two Automobiles

The only Laundry in Chicago having soft well water on its premises, thereby dispensing with acids in washing

Bissell Laundry

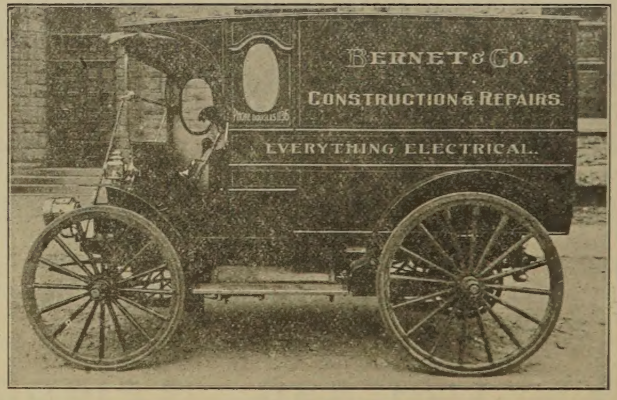
651-657 E. Thirty-ninth St. Phone Douglas 1003

BERNET & CO.

ELECTRICIANS

Comfort and Elegance

can only be obtained by the use of electricity. We have supplies, do Repairs and Construct. Electrical work in all its Branches



3975 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone Douglas 1136 **Residence Work a Specialty**

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1910. NUMBER 13.

THE INNER VOICE.

A True Incident in the Childhood of Theodore Parker.

When little Theodore was small,—
A boy of four was he,—
His father took him by the hand,
And said, "Now come with me."

They walked afar across the farm,
And talked of flower, bird, stone;
Then the good father kissed his son,
And sent him home alone.

The pasture way was beautiful
That balmy day of spring;
Rhodora blossomed near the path,—
A rare and lovely thing.

And there within a shallow pool,
As if his work were done.
A little spotted tortoise lay
A-basking in the sun.

The boy espied him,—then drew near,
A stick was in his hand;
He lifted it to strike, to kill
The tortoise on the sand.

But suddenly his arm was stayed,
Stayed was his purpose strong;
For loud and clear he heard a voice
Say: "Stop! for that is wrong!"

Listening and wondering, the child
Held his uplifted stick;
What was this feeling, strange and new,
That made his heart beat quick?

He hurried to his mother's room,
He climbed upon her knee;
"Mother, I saw a tortoise lie
As still as still could be,

"Right in the water of our pond,—
You know it is not deep;
I lifted up my stick to strike
The pretty thing asleep.

"Just then a voice spoke loud and strong,—
These very words it said:
'Stop, Theodore, for that is wrong!'
I turned; I was afraid;

"I looked around; no one was near
To say a single word.
Oh, tell me, tell me, Mother dear,
What was the voice I heard?"

The mother wiped a starting tear,
It was a tear of joy:
Within her arms she held him close,—
Her darling little boy.

"Men call it conscience, Theodore;
But I like best to say
It is God's voice within man's soul,
That shows the better way.

"Listen, obey, and it will speak
Clearer and yet more clear;
And it will always guide aright,
If you will only hear.

"But if a deaf ear you should turn,—
If you should disobey,—
Little by little it will fade,
And vanish quite away.

"Because this heavenly Guide is yours,
My darling boy, rejoice!
Your life depends on how you heed
The little inner voice."

* * * * * * * *

Long years went by; the country boy
Became a stalwart man,
And in the great world did his part
As only good men can.

He was a preacher taught of God,
The Voice he still revered;
By righteous men he was beloved,
By wicked men was feared.

He stood within a stately hall,
His words were strong and brave:
"Though wealth should go, though blood should flow.
No man shall be a slave!"

The voice within was clarion now,
And fearlessly he hurled
Its ringing, burning, withering words
Against a coward world.

A clarion, and yet the same
That spoke in days of yore,—
First heard by lonely pasture pool,
Now heard from shore to shore;

First heeded by a little child;
Now grown a Voice of might
That led a listening nation in
Its splendid march of right.

O Mother, dead long years ago,
Your words can never die;
Their seed was sown in hero-soil
To bloom eternally.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

Tolstoy

Humanity's grand old man at last is at rest! The better Russia is perplexed, humiliated, distracted over the problem of how to avoid the withering criticism of history for burying the most beloved and conspicuous man of the race like a dog, without the benefit of the church or clergy so far as these are recognized by the state and are delegated by the same to discharge the functions of religion.

Tolstoy represented a vast genius that was as perplexing and harrowing and elusive to himself as to the world at large. But in whatever light he is to be studied, he stands a lonely column, towering above his fellows, a prophet of the new day. He was a prophet because he brought his genius to bear upon the problems of this world and this life; because he was sensitive to wrong, had a thirst for justice, a passion for humanity; because he had reached the joy of the disinterested. These in all times and in all races are the unquestioned marks of a prophet.

After all admissions and limitations, Tolstoy's words and still more Tolstoy's example will be a light and a lure to the loving and loyal in many lands for many generations yet to come. The world cannot be permanently cheated of its heroes. The world knows its own and loves it. Now that the grand old man has gone hence, it will be clearer to the average man that the words of the *Westminster Review* of some years ago were wisely chosen:

"HERE IS ONE OF THE GREAT MASTERS, BEFORE WHOM ORDINARY MERIT MUST BE DUMB, WHOM TO CRITICISE IS VAIN, AND TO ADMIRE ALONE IS PERMITTED."

The Theodore Parker Anniversaries

"The Theodore Parker Week" in Chicago has come and gone, and we believe it can be pronounced an unique and inspiring success, not so much on account of the size of the audiences as the spirit manifested and the radiating influence. The experiment of a distributed rather than a centralized program lessened the attendance at any one meeting, but greatly increased the points of interest and the total aggregate who came under the spell of the inspiring name.

The meetings for which the committee provided speakers were held in at least fourteen different centers in Chicago and vicinity. Those acquainted with the geography of this metropolis will realize the wide dissemination and the interesting character of the meetings by a mere recital of the places where the meetings were held: Orchestra Hall and the University Club at the center of the city; Sinai Temple, Hull House, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Frederick Douglass Centre, the University Congregational Church in the neighborhood of the University of Chicago; the Chapel of Northwestern University, the Evanston Congregational Church, Unity Church of Oak Park, the Congregational Church of Winnetka, St. Paul's Universalist Church, Isaiah Temple and the Auditorium Hotel. Perhaps as many more centres took note of the Theodore Parker event under the lead and direction of their own pastors. Such a recognition we know was given by the Central Church of which Dr. Gunsaulus is pastor, R. A. White of the People's Liberal Church, the Church of the Redeemer, of which A. Eugene Bartlett is pastor, the Unitarian Church at Evanston, the K. A. M. Jewish Temple of which Dr. Schanfarber is rabbi, and doubtless there were others of which no notice has reached the Unity office.

The example set by the representatives of the Free Religious Association, the Congress of Religion and the National Federation of Religious Liberals, backed by the invitation of one hundred citizens or more in Chicago, provoked other recognitions throughout the Mississippi valley. Notices have reached us of many such, reaching from Columbus, O., to Galveston, Texas.

The fellowship represented in these celebrations was such as would have delighted the heart of the great preacher and justifies the consecrated seed-sowing that is bearing such heavenly fruit. The words of Parker, the message of universal brotherhood and the everlasting elements in religion were made flesh in representatives that reached from Arkansas to India. Hindu, Catholic, Orthodox, Heterodox, Jew, black and white, lay and clergy, men and women, sent their messengers to testify to the virility of Parker's message and the fertility of the seed he sowed.

So much space is given and will be given to the reporting of the words spoken that there is little room left for comment, and there is no need of such. This week we give to our readers the message of the black man from Arkansas, which was delivered with grace and power, and was listened to with tearful sympathy and appreciation, at the Lincoln Centre, Douglass Centre and at the Anditorium banquet. The message of Professor Foster is self-interpreting in these columns. Next week we will print the message which Mr. Sullivan of Kansas City brought out of the heart of the Roman church, which was also received with much heartiness and profound sympathy for the young Paulist father who has followed the light through the barriers of creed and out of the consolations of so sheltering a fellowship into the open day.

The banquet at the Auditorium was a fitting climax to the program. Experienced banqueters unhesitatingly pronounced it one of the record-breaking banquets. The thought was high and the movement swift, the attendance large, the listening eager, the speaking at once earnest and genial, jolly and inspiring. Professor Vincent, son of a Methodist bishop, was a veritable dynamo as a toast-master, and under his inspiring direction ten speakers, all with something to say, all

succeeded in saying it and under a three-minute rule were heard in fifty-five minutes. Something of this illumination in the honor of Theodore Parker may be reflected in the columns of UNITY later on.

But there is too much for UNITY, and we are already busy at the UNITY office in preparing a full report of the meetings, which will be issued in pamphlet form at as early a date as possible. Such a pamphlet will offer material for future historians, and the committee are anxious to note in the pages such other Theodore Parker Centennial memorials, past or prospective, as have been or will be celebrated in the Middle West. A request is hereby made for information concerning such celebrations held between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, between the Lakes and the Gulf.

This pamphlet will be offered for sale for 25c. The edition must necessarily be limited. Orders received before going to press, say not later than the tenth of December, will be provided for.

TOLSTOY

Hail, Tolstoy, bold, archaic shape,
Rude pattern of the man to be,
From 'neath whose rugged traits escape
Hints of a manhood fair and free.

I read a meaning in your face,
A message wafted from above,
Prophetic of an equal race
Fused into one by robust love.

Like some faint statue long concealed,
Deep buried in Mycenae's mart,
Wherein we clearly see revealed
The promise of Hellenic art.

So stand you; while aloof and proud,
The world that scribbles, prates and frets
Seems but a simpering, futile crowd,
Of Dresdon china statuettes.

Like John Baptist, once more scan
The signs that mark the dawn of day.
Forerunner of the Perfect Man,
Make straight his path, prepare the way.

The desert too, is your abode,
Your garb and fare of little worth;
Thus ever has the Spirit showed
The coming reign of heaven on earth.

Not in kings' houses may we greet
The prophets whom the world shall bless,
To lay my verses at your feet
I seek you in the wilderness.

—*Ernest Crosby.*

When America was poor, a single colony in the wilderness, owning but a single "Mayflower," with nothing but clams for their food, those three Calvinistic fathers of the land lifted up their hands and thanked God that "we are permitted to suck of the abundance of the seas and treasures hid in the sand," and sought to establish freedom all over this western wilderness.

Mankind is loyal, and when it sees its king, takes him to its heart and honors him forever.—*Theodore Parker.*

The Deeper Religious Life Necessitated In the Changing Order

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE B. FOSTER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, DELIVERED AT SINAI TEMPLE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 15, 1910, AT THE THEODORE PARKER ANNIVERSARIES

Nature has places and periods of storm. So has social and civil life. So has the human soul. You have observed the brewing and pilgrimage of a storm among the mountains. At first a troubled sky; clouds chasing each other. Then the winds descend and sweep along the mountain range. Solitary trees on the loftier ledges of rock bend and break. In a moment's time the storm is rushing and roaring in the depths of the forests, swaying the trees as the ocean a ship. You look again and it has plunged out into the open field, into orchard and grain, filling home and village with fear and awe everywhere!

So there are places and periods of storm in nature. In our human historic life you find the same.

The first Christian community began in storm. It stirred the world up. It began with plain folk who had a living religiousness. Next it began to interest scribes and priests. The waves broke against the walls of the temple and the palace of the high priest. Then the tide rolled out into the wide, wide world of the gentiles. The synagogues of Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor were agitated. The homes on the back alleys, the workshops of the capitals of Asia and Europe, occasionally the palaces of the nobility, were astir with the new life. Presently the movement reached the officials of the Roman state, and climbed the golden throne of the emperor, even. The *whole world* had to take notice! Every man, filled with the new spirit, showed that *storm* had arisen in his life,—something *new,* a *breach* was experienced. Seized with a great new hope and imperative, he was strong enough to face the scorn and persecution of the world; to welcome death for the sake of his cause. All this was something that the placid, cultured, clever folk could ridicule, but could not understand. All this was the most audacious, most radical thing that the world knew at that time. And the world said that these new people were crazy, atheistic; were conspirators against churches and states of historic peoples; and the world soon found that crosses, and torches, and teeth of lions were good enough for these storm people, as they had ever been good enough for prophets of God, from of old. Everything had been so tranquil and proper and regular in the churches of the old religion. Their priests punctually offered their offerings, their scholars learnedly interpreted sacred books and sacred oracles; they enjoyed all sorts of theological controversies; their vocation was piety just as yours might be law, or golf, or the matinee—controversies in which the people had as little interest as you have today—the poor, burdened, silent people—the people needing and craving a kingdom of God that did not consist in cult and theological harangue, but in *power, truth,* and *spirit.* And the need, the craving was met!

Suddenly,—it was storm,—some common men from the common people,—men with a *living* religion, strode through the land. Untheologically, clumsily often, but always masterly, they told what they had experienced;

what filled and fired them. Men hearkened and a *fellowship* of the *spirit* of *the living God* arose. Instead of a dead church-and-Bible-religion, a *personal, living* religion! God became a living, progressive, rejuvenating reality to them.

And in the new spirit, men became *brothers.* A new composite community arose from the most diverse and antagonistic elements—bound together in the new brotherhood. The Master sat down at a feast of love with the slave; the pure woman sat beside the outcast; the philosopher associated with the artisan that could not read or write. One language, one spirit. A new spirit wove all the vari-colored threads—prepossessions of sex and race—wove and interwove athwart all previous unions and boundaries and schisms—into one web of a higher, holier and human life—such, ever, has been the way of the spirit. Wherever it blows, there are times of storm, the tongue of flame, the speech which all understand,—the spirit which unites all who are of good will.

Theodore Parker was a man of storm. Aye, he could say with old Ossian, "I am alone and on the hills of storm!" With his Leader of old he could cry: I am come to kindle a fire upon the earth; I am come to root out every plant my heavenly Father hath not planted; I have a baptism to be baptized with and how am I *straitened* till it be accomplished. To this end was I born and for this cause am I come into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth.

What did Theodore Parker want? Back of everything else what is the meaning of that tumultuous spirit which burst like an apocalypse upon an inert and stormless church and society? It meant deepest of all a violent sundering from the *dead God* of his day, for gods die as well as men. It meant, next, the *radical release of personality* from all the fetters of the strong living codes of a provincial and petty morality which tithed ecclesiastical and civic mint, anise and cummin, but neglected the weightier things of the law—justice and judgment and faith. It meant the growth, the release, the sovereignty of the individual soul over against a mass religion. It meant new standards for discrimination between right and wrong. With his new God and new man, both the God and the man democrats, he saw that the *black man was man too.* With his sense of the worth of personality, with his democratic God and democratic man as against the old monarch with his elect saints and subjects, there could be no special privileges as an ideal for Theodore Parker—but there could be man's finest and highest dream, *the spiritual freedom of the individual within the common brotherhood of all men.* In one sense the foe of rebellion, yet, on account of the great insurrection of his inner life against the letter that kills, against stupid and dead externalities; on account of his sovereign proclamation of the eternally personal, Theodore Parker was the great rebel of his age. He unleashed a mighty dynamic. He was a man of storm. He lunged against the old order as Voltaire did against the Middle Ages, and each, storm-like, foreshortened the collapse of the old, probably a whole century. Each was the genius and apostle of disrespect; to each respectability was the one disgrace; popularity the only perdition—unlike as the two men were in so many ways.

You ask: Are such virtuosos of the iconoclastic art a blessing to humanity? Of course that depends upon the man and the age. In a given period, the deposit and debris of prejudice and preconception may be piled up so high that there is need of some Herculean power to clean out the Augean stables of the reactionary and the obsolete. When current opinions are wilting, widespread forms of faith decaying, worm-eaten institutions mouldering, then it is a painful thing to see the branches of the existing culture-system slowly shed its leaves. But a violent storm comes and sweeps away over night what has already had its day and ought to be out of the way. And we welcome the hurricane—those great personalities whom the philosopher Hegel called the beacons of the human race, who frequently rise up with the violence of a hurricane. No melancholy transitions filling the atmosphere with cadaverous odors for them!—Your Henry Ward Beechers, your Wendell Phillipses, your William Lloyd Garrisons, your Theodore Parkers.

But we, we today? Storm and fire are not necessary any more, perhaps? There is no conflict any more between the Eternal Spirit and *status quo,* perhaps? Ah, my friends, we know that this is not so. Scarcely a year passes that the war-cloud does not darken some sky and the roar of the cannon shake some continent. Mammon still lays its deadly hands upon the bodies and souls of men. Unnatural and inhuman conditions of modern life are scarcely second to the rottenest era of old Rome. In ever new forms the war between master and slave billows back and forth in every modern city. Today still, the simplest truths of the eternal gospel fight for their existence in head and heart.

Ought there not to be storm and fire,—the venturesome ends of moral knighthood? Disquietude in the presence of the squalor and misery and wrong of the world?

But let me specify. There is our religious and ecclesiastical condition. Think of our sectarianism. It is an open secret that it has no right light and no right truth any more, *because the presuppositions out of which it arose in those old days no longer exist; because those old controversies either have been disposed of, or have been left behind;* and the new day with entirely new battles is before us. But what do we see? Instead of drawing the proper conclusions from this, namely, give up the old, and adapt ourselves to the new work,—instead of doing this we act as if the dead were still living, cherish the old partisanism, and even aggravate it on all sides. How miserable our ecclesiastical and religious life has become in this way! The secret competition of tendencies and clergymen, which ripens such sorry fruit; the stupid separation of the congregations that ought to be together; the influence of very worldly and selfish factors upon the innermost things of life; the corruption which partisan ambition leads to—what is so needful as that we should repent of these things? The pettiness and feebleness of ecclesiastical life, alternating with professional and periodic revivalism, which, like the vice of which Robert Burns sings, is sure to "harden all within and petrify the feelings"; the humiliation which often now attaches to the ministerial office—who does not grieve over these things? More violent storms are going to break upon our church and religious life if these things are not settled, and settled right. And we must become greater men in order that we may meet the issues and cope with them. The world is too full of deep problems and dangers to have

time any more for the petty and miserable anxieties and quarrels which once consumed so much time and strength. We must become greater men for the sake of the greater tasks which God sets us. We must have done with all sorts of old things which seem important to us—first of all, leave our old opinions to one side, and hearken to the living God! We must do this, orthodox, liberal; Catholic, Protestant; Jew, Gentile—hearken to God, and know that all the things in life that are most worth while,—the deepest and best things,—are precisely the things that we cannot quarrel about. Some year or two ago I attended a church gathering where they were ordaining a young man to the Christian ministry, and the preachers were examining him as to his qualifications to be a prophet of God to his generation. And what did they ask him? Do you believe that Adam was an historical person? Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch? Do you believe in the virgin birth of Jesus? Did Jesus walk upon the water and turn water into wine? Do you hold the dictation theory of inspiration? And the like. Why Satan, if there be a Satan, could have answered all those questions in the affirmative as this young man was required to answer them, and be a Satan still, for all that! Nothing to stir a man's blood there; petty, sorry side issues. To save your life you could not worship a God whose interest was in such things. To save your life you cannot imagine Jesus Christ, the man of the Cross, preaching a sermon on close communion, or immersion, or infant baptism; and Paul cried, circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but faith that worketh by love—and he spoke definitive truth! And our age is as tremendous as theirs—gigantic tasks and problems are knocking at the church door for admission; a new world is in birth throes; thunderous storms hang and peal in the heavens, strange, wild, fearful thoughts confuse human spirits; millions of human souls sigh in uncertainty concerning the supreme issues of life; others are mightily moved by religious yearnings and are aglow with vast infinite hopes. Not cult, but character; not rubrics, but righteousness; not belief in miracles, but bravery in morality; not persistence in the dead formulas of dead peoples, but Theodore Parker's fire and storm—this is the purpose and the passion of our new day! There simply has got to be more truth and life in our churches, or the really religious people will repudiate the churches. Christianity as traditionally taught among us is not taken seriously any more by serious people. The great revolutionary heroic truths of the prophets, of Jesus and his gospel—what has become of these in our modern life? We cannot, like them, be simply *human* in our religion; we want to be orthodox, or liberal, or some other brand. Parties come in between God and the soul, and religion goes out. Then—greater men, that is God's call to us!

I will keep you but a moment longer, as I specify one other matter only. I refer to those who are most upset by the signs of the times. I refer to the panic among our *rich* people. I do not now inquire as to how much cause the rich have to be disquieted. Still, I do not believe that the revolutions toward which we are forging ahead mean sudden and violent catastrophes,—expropriation of property owners and the like—these are ghosts begotten of fear and ignorance. But I do believe that the kingdom of mammon is on trial for its life. The unequal distribution of this world's goods is the one arch crime of our social life. And mighty convulsions are in store for those who possess this world's good. But what shall they do? Part with half of their goods, perhaps? We would not hinder him who would do that! But only one thing can we surely say: Whoever belongs to the property class, let him make his soul free from possessions. Let him accustom himself to the thought of living without them. Let his *heart* not be fettered by them. But this is true not simply for those who are rich in money. It is true of culture, of outer position of life, and the like goods. We all do well not to depend so much on such things. Who knows whither the storms and waves of coming revolutions could carry us? We must be free from this baggage of life, for we may be suddenly called upon to pitch our moving tents a day's march nearer home. Ours is a time for Paul's solution again: I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. We must be sure that, should the test come, we are not only not dependent upon our money, our business, our houses, but also not upon our books, our offices, our culture, our esthetic requirements; that we treasure these things indeed, but do not have our lives in them; that we know better values in which we rest. If we have thus cast aside the unnecessary baggage in thought, have armed ourselves with the *pilgrim's staff of the eternal goodness; if we have thus become free,* then we may confidently go forward.

Confidently forward with God! Yes, with God! Firmly and clearly with God! The genius of religion is forever revealed in the sovereign words: The Eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms. In such a time as ours we need above all else to find God! Not the God of comfortable Sunday meditations, who is often only an esthetic God; not a thought-God, or sentiment-God who does not rule life, but the God of reality, on whom we can build our lives in bitter earnestness. In the deep and the dark, in the pathless and plumbless future, in judgment and humiliation, God is with us. There will be not merely loss and shame and terror; there will be joy, hope, fresh life. Already we are beginning to leave industrial hatred and greed behind us! The cult of the ego, sensuality, pseudo-culture and pseudo-civilization, we are beginning to leave behind us. We are moving away from pettiness of the pattern of life, from superficial morality and lifeless religiosity—away from all those things are we moving to a brave search for truth, an earnest warfare; to living ideals, and fresh hopes that souls can become free for God. How good it is that even danger and daring are ours once more, as they were Theodore Parker's, that the heroic in man, so long a sealed fountain, can break forth again. Then joyously forward with God:

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key!

Has the Negro Kept Faith With Theodore Parker and the Other Brave Souls Who Suffered for Freedom's Sake?

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT ISAAC FISHER, OF THE BRANCH NORMAL COLLEGE OF PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE THEODORE PARKER ANNIVERSARIES, NOVEMBER 16, 1910, AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

We are gathered here to pay homage to a great man whose simple and childlike belief that every soul is divine led him, in darker days than these, to work for "the progress of mankind onward and upward forever." We are met to renew and increase our faith in the beauty and permanence of earnest and star-led endeavor, and to inquire whether or not the "Great Heart" whom we knew as Theodore Parker lived and toiled in vain.

To other witnesses will fall the task of reporting the results and value of his struggles for the general extension of the principles of brotherhood, and the spread of eternal truth over all the earth. In an humbler way, I would speak of the results of the man's labors as they have exhibited themselves in the post-bellum history of my race, and will answer as best I can the question whether Theodore Parker and the other brave souls who suffered to make the Negro free labored for nought, or whether the Negro has kept faith with them.

Let us establish once and for all time the fact that the question as to whether freedom is more desirable than bondage has been removed from the forum of debate; and we accept as a first principle, now, the conception that, however slow may be the progress of a given race under a system of freedom, that progress is, necessarily, greater than could have been true in the same country under the institution of slavery. Planting myself firmly upon the truth of this statement, I affirm, in the first instance, that, inasmuch as they toiled that an enslaved race might be free, and kept the iniquity of slavery before the people until the national conscience was awakened,—an awakening that brought freedom to the whole land,—the labors of the noble band of lovers of liberty to which Theodore Parker belonged have not been in vain, because no struggle for perfect human liberty can ever fall to the ground.

But what of the Negro? Has he justified the faith of his friends? Has he brooded over his struggles in America until he has lost that gentle spirit which made him so pathetic a figure during slavery, and which dictated his supreme faithfulness during the trying days of the Civil War? It was not mere rhetorical expediency which moved the eloquent Grady to declare that "History has no parallel to the faith kept by the Negro in the South during the War." Speaking of the fidelity of my race, Mr. Henry W. Grady, a Southern white man who wore the gray in the Civil War, made this classic recommendation of the Negro:

"Unmarshalled the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to 'hear the news from marster,' though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly; the bodyguard of the helpless; the rough companion of the little ones; the observant friend; the silent sentry in his lowly cabin; the shrewd counselor; and when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master, going to a war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave, 'I leave my home and loved ones in your care,' the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty."

With all deference to the Caucasian for having carried aloft the torch of civilization for so many years through the ceaseless ebb and flow of the centuries, despite a glorious record of achievement of which you may be proud, there is nothing in the history of your race for which I would exchange that voluntary certificate of character; for if it required a burning love of liberty and a high degree of physical courage for your ancestors at Runnymede to force a stubborn King John to sign the Magna Charta of English liberty, upon which this commonwealth is built, it requires everywhere and at all times that fidelity of man to man, and the unwillingness to triumph over the weak which the Negro showed during the Civil War, to make your commonwealth endure.

In the sacredness of this hour, while we commune with the invisible spirit of Theodore Parker, I want to report that through storm and calm, darkness and light, the Negro has kept faith with his friends, and yet retains a gentle heart.

More than this: He has not sulked in his tent and refused to help advance the economic progress of that section in which he was so long a slave. As a bondman, he patiently carried the labor burdens of the South upon his shoulders; but as a freeman, he has not only continued to create wealth for the South and the commonwealth of the United States, but his muscles of iron, more and more directed by the intelligence and the pride which freedom gives, are creating and conserving riches for his own independence. To the intimation that he will not work I merely suggest that in 1900 sixty-two per cent of all Negroes over ten years of age in the United States were employed in gainful occupations.

Since emancipation, the great masses of Negroes living in the South have joined their brawn and intelligence with the capital and brain of their former masters and have helped create more wealth than that section ever knew before. As indicative of this growth of wealth, I may say that in the year 1860 the total level of ad valorem taxes in the South was, in round numbers, only $20,000,000; in 1870, it was $40,000,000; increasing to $44,000,000 in 1880; to $69,000,000 in 1890; and reaching $103,000,000 in 1902, proving not only that freedom for the Negro was a good business investment for the South, but showing, also, that the colored people, furnishing as they do the bulk of the labor supply for that section, are justifying the faith of those who believed that they would faithfully work to help rebuild the waste places of the South and make her blossom once more as the rose if only the boon of freedom were given to them.

At the same time, the Negro has been creating wealth for himself. Critics often disparage the achievements of the free Negro, forgetting that, even

if he has not accomplished very much as a freeman, he accomplished infinitely less as a slave. Just before the Civil War, the free Negroes in the United States owned some $25,000,000 worth of property. But in 1909, just forty-six years since freedom was given to him, the Negro had gained at least $525,000,000 worth of property more than the race had been able to secure during the 250 years of slavery's long night; indeed Negro farmers in the South alone owned in 1909 at least thirty thousand square miles of land, an amount of territory almost equal to the area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont. And it must be noted that the most of this wealth has been obtained directly from the soil; for more than 2,000,000 Negroes, or 53 per cent of all Negroes engaged in gainful pursuits in 1900, were found in agricultural industries.

But all the Negro's wealth produced since emancipation does not consist of lands, stocks, or bonds. If I were to list the assets of my race, with utter disregard for the accepted definitions of wealth I would place first in the inventory the name of a man; a man as truly set apart for leadership as was the patriarch Moses; a man whose love for his own race is as beautiful as was that of the maiden Ruth for the mother of her husband; a philosopher whose teachings have as profoundly affected his day as ever did those of heathen sage in the past; an advocate as eloquent and convincing as was the great Webster as he presented a brief to posterity for an everlasting and indivisible Union; a preacher of the gospel of salvation by character as earnest and inspired as was John the Baptist of old; a counselor of Presidents and statesmen; a friends of kings and an inspirer of men. The name of that hero, scholar, and Christian gentleman, whose rise from slavery to heights of fame thrills every heart and cheers each patriot soul, is Booker T. Washington, my teacher and a great asset of the Negro race. If the Negro had done no more than produce this great man, Theodore Parker would stand vindicated today.

In matters of education, the black man has kept his eyes upon the stars. It is worthy of note that after hundreds of years of freedom and opportunity, Italy, despite all the glory of her past, must confess that 38 per cent of her population can neither read nor write; Spain must acknowledge a percentage of illiteracy amounting to 68 per cent; Russia, 77 per cent; Portugal, 79; Brazil, 80; Venezula, 75; and Cuba, 56 per cent. But when we turn to the American Negro and demand his rating, we find that although the genius of slavery sealed up the book of knowledge from him for two and one-half centuries, and despite the fact that at the close of the Civil War 90 per cent of his race were illiterate, at the end of the 37 years following emancipation he had reduced his percentage of illiteracy to 47 per cent; and, according to one of our most careful students of the history of the race, the census of 1910 will show that he has further reduced his illiteracy to 32 per cent; and the number of his teachers is increasing with twice the rapidity of the Negro population.

When freedom came, the health of the Negro was largely cared for by traveling "root doctors." Today the Negro has nearly 1,900 physicians, dentists and druggists. To bring the matter nearer home: You have right here in the city of Chicago not only the two most noted Negro surgeons in the United States, but in the persons of your Doctors George C. Hall and Daniel H. Williams, Chicago has two Negro physicians who have performed some of the most remarkable operations ever accomplished by the surgeons of any race.

To help conserve the moral status of the race, there were 15,530 ministers in 1900, an increase of 27 per cent from 1890. There were also in 1900 728 lawyers, 210 journalists, and 99 literary persons and scientists.

Without boasting, but with a pardonable pride in the advancement of my race since emancipation, I submit that we have also made some noteworthy contributions to the æsthetic civilization of the world. To mention but a few: In the drama, for your Edmund Kean I present the Negro tragedian Ira Aldridge, who was decorated by the King of Prussia, and by the Czar of all the Russians for the excellence of his dramatic performances; in literature for your Robert Burns, I offer the poet laureate of the Negro race, through whose veins coursed no blood of the Anglo-Saxon, the late Paul Laurence Dunbar; in sculpture, for your William Rhinehart, I offer Edmonia Lewis, and for your Harriet Hosmer, I nominate Meta Vaux Warrick; in painting, we point with pride to the canvas of Henry O. Tanner when you mention the celebrated Michelangelo; in music, for your Swedish Nightingale, or for Patti, the mistress of song, I not only offer one whom we call "Black Patti," but I nominate the whole Negro race, for all of them can warble divinely to the morning light, and they have contributed the only original music known on the North American continent; and after we listen to your celebrities of song we pass judgment, in the language of Dunbar, and say to all of you:

> "G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy,—
> Put dat music book away;
> What's de use to keep on tryin'?
> Ef you practice twell you're gray,
> You caint start no notes a-flyin'
> Lak de ones dat rants and rings
> F'om de kitchen to de big woods
> When Malindy sings."

But I must not further lengthen this list of achievement. It is in order to ask, "What are the Negro hopes? To what is he looking as the years come and go?" I reply that, first of all, we owe it to millions of my race to tell you what they are not striving to obtain. Unfortunately for the Negro, an impression amounting to a positive conviction has laid hold upon vast numbers of white Americans to the effect that the most ardent hope of the race to which I belong is that some day it may lose its idenity and be merged with the Caucasian people into a distinct race type yet to appear upon the North American continent.

With all the earnestness of my soul, and with the conviction that this impression has done untold injury to the Negro in the United States, I want to declare that such fusion and amalgamation do not compose the fabric of the Negro's dreams. I owe it to all candor and to him whose natal day we celebrate to speak thus frankly of the position on this question of many thoughtful Negro citizens who are seeking to justify the faith of Theodore Parker in the trying days gone by. How easily we could adjust all questions which grow out of the presence of the Negro in the United States if it were not for this potential submergence of

the two races. But since we cannot argue away the possible, it is our duty to allay fears by emphasizing the fact that this race fusion to the point of the submergence of either the Negro or the Caucasian is extremely improbable.

Not only is the Negro not earnestly seeking for physical union with other races, but I am glad to be able to report that he, too, is studying the science of eugenics, and is beginning to discover that his own race has certain great qualities which ought not to perish through the blending of diverse races; and the Negro, in the future, will most respectfully decline to be cast into Zangwill's great melting pot. And more than this: We are developing men and women who have the broader vision of life, and who have the courage constantly to remind the race that the color of the skin and the curl of the hair are of little moment as compared with the eternal qualities of the heart and that, in the final analysis, a race will be judged, not by the color of its skin but by the equity of its deeds. We are beginning to understand that in the converse with truth all men speak the same language, and that in the higher and more permanent things of this world a man may have a black skin and yet find room enough thereunder for all of his powers, and ought to hold every achievement which he makes sacredly in trust for the honor and glory of his own race and for the good of the world. But I submit to our white friends North and South who are disturbed over the possibility of the fusion of the two races that one of the best ways to preserve the racial integrity of their race is to make it possible for Negro publicists and makers of opinion in mine to boast that there is neither advantage nor disadvantage in the accident of color in the United States. This they cannot do at present, and they often find themselves laughed out of court because of this fact when they attempt to make the same fight for racial aloofness that you are making. Nevertheless, there is growing up a healthful race pride everywhere and a commendable racial solidarity.

Before indicating the Negro's desires, let us ask if he has been a law-abiding citizen. I reply that he has not yet succeeded in setting the example for the rest of the United States in this respect; and yet I would remind you that the immigrants entering the United States from Mexico, Italy, Austria, France, Canada, and Russia have a larger number of commitments to prison per 1,000 population than has this same Negro whose record of crime receives such publicity; and, on the authority of Dr. Washington, in 1904, the ratio of crime committed by Negroes and whites was a little less than three and one-half to one—a decrease of 21 per cent for the Negro since 1890.

Over and above all this, the Negro has been ever loyal and true to his country. Whatever his lot on the North American continent, he has stood by the government under which he lives; and whenever his country has needed him and the call to arms has sounded, he has rallied around the flag from the hillsides and the plains; and, to the American people at large, to all who spoke, suffered, and fought that he might be free, yea, to the invisible shades of Theodore Parker, I bring the message from my race that if any man or set of men attempt to lay unholy hands upon the Stars and Stripes or to humble the proud ensign of our land, if you will but call the roll of patriots, we'll be there to offer our lives as the highest measure of devotion and loyalty to our land and country.

This is the faith that the Negro has kept with the friends of freedom; and he stands an humble supplicant before the bar of public opinion, asking now if the American people will keep faith with him,—whether the rulers of the land will give him all the rewards of citizenship if he discharge all the duties pertaining thereto.

All that the Negro asks for in America is that the Golden Rule be applied to him just as it is applied to any other race. He asks for no special favors not given to other citizens; he does not desire anarchy; he would not knowingly rend in twain the fabric of our government; he would not wittingly set brother against brother; he merely wishes the opportunity of fullest and most complete development and expression. He wants to weep when the nation weeps, to rejoice in her days of gladness, to help carry her burdens, and to share her prosperity and happiness.

Tired of the strife for better things? No. The Negro rested for two hundred and fifty years; discouraged? Again, no. He is just beginning to hope. Satisfied with what he has done and with what he is? By no means. The fires of ambition kindled within him by contact with American civilization have just begun to burn, and he will never be content until, in the full stature of most useful manhood, he writes his name in bold relief upon the noble record of these times as a worker for the common good.

In the sanctity of this hour, while we pay respect to the illustrious dead who was the uncompromising foe of everything which hindered human progress, I can best express the hope of the Negro in the soul-stirring words of Edwin Markham:

> Come, clear the way, then,—clear the way,
> Blind creeds and kings have had their day,—
> Break the dead branches from the path,
> Our hope is in the aftermath,
> Our hope is in heroic men,
> Star-led to build the world again;
> To this event the ages ran,—
> Make way for brotherhood, make way for man.

One of the most interesting developments of religious thought in the last century was the rise of the historical school of biblical interpretation. Originating among French and German scholars, it spread rapidly through the English speaking countries. The underlying assumption of the historical interpreters of the Bible is simple. They take for granted that, if we would understand the real significance of the ancient Hebrew people in the world, we must examine their literature and history just as we do in the case of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The historical students of the Bible have discovered a great deal about our sacred literature that was unknown before the rise of their school. Moreover, it has become evident, since the beginning of the twentieth century, that the results and conclusions of this kind of Bible study are more and more taking the sociological form. On the next page of this issue will be found a suggestive notice regarding a course in the sociological study of the Bible, which is to be given at Abraham Lincoln Centre, tuition free. Arrangements have also been made for giving this course through correspondence at a moderate cost; and an interested class is already taking the work by this method. The instructor, Mr. Louis Wallis, has been a writer and teacher among these lines for the last ten years. In a

recent number of UNITY we reproduced, with editorial comments, his paper entitled "A Revolution in Christian Missions."

Sociological Study of the Bible

Showing the Development of the Idea of God in Relation to History

This course represents the newest way of studying the Bible; and it brings the so-called "higher criticism" to the popular mind along the lines of modern scholarship. You may take the course, tuition free, by attending the class which meets in Emerson Hall, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, corner of Langley avenue and Oakwood boulevard. Time: Beginning Sunday afternoon, Nov. 27, at 3:30.

If you live too far away to attend the class, you may receive printed lessons weekly, at a nominal charge, and carry on the study at home by the correspondence method. Very important for clergymen and all who are interested in religion and the social problem.

Subjects—ANALYTICAL DIVISION: (1) Introductory view; nature of the Bible. (2) The Semitic Race; Israel among the nations. (3) Family institutions. (4) Industrial institutions. (5) The ancient gods; the gods of Israel; (a) Teraphim, or, family gods; (b) Baalim, or, district gods; (c) Yahweh, or, the national deity. (6) The covenant with Yahweh.

SYNTHETIC DIVISION: (1) The attack upon the Amorites of Canaan. (2) The contact of alien social groups, Israelites and Amorites; the resulting tradition of hostility between Yahweh and the Baals. (3) Formation of the national social group—First phase: Saul, the early prophets, and the highland kingdom. Second phase: David, the inclusion of the Amorites, and the composite kingdom. (4) The "increase of Yahweh." (5) The revolt of the people against the central power. (6) The Battle of the traditions—the prophets now divide into "regulars" and insurgents"; the question of war between the gods *versus* peace between the gods. (7) The Babylonian exile, and the victory of the tradition of war between the gods. (8) Judaism and the Bible gospel of redemption. (9) Jesus and the spread of Bible religion throughout the world.

A large prospectus of this course, containing full information, will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

LOUIS WALLIS, Middle Divinity Hall,
5855 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Correspondence

I am saving the editorial in Oct. 13 on "The Boy" to read at the next meeting of Juvenile Protective League No. 4, which meets here. It is the most rational word I have yet seen. I am heartily tired of these cosseting methods in our work of social reform.

Frederick Douglass Centre. C. P. W.

Dear UNITY:

I read your article on "The Boy" in UNITY with a good deal of interest. You strike at the root of the whole matter of the value of boys' clubs when you emphasize the personal equation of leadership. Here lies the fundamental value of boy gatherings. The most successful leadership is that which hides itself behind the democratic organization of the club but is the power which leads and vitalizes. But it ought to lead in the world in which the boy lives and not try to create an artificial world. To occasionally lead boys from the city out into the woods or from the woods into the city is wholesome if it makes them love their home more.

The "gang spirit" can be modified as has been shown by the "gang" in including others in their camping expeditions. The result is that the attitude of one group to the other is changed, at least for the time being, to mutual regard for each other. In the club organization there is nothing forced. The boys live a perfectly normal life with the club as a bright spot of social play activities leading on to many other things. It would seem that there might be danger in the Boy Scout movement or the Indian movement in forcing the boy into rather unnatural living which may set him apart from others either because he belongs to the organization which through force of circumstances others cannot get into or because he is distinguished from others by dress or insignia. When you put a boy into such an organization you are developing a class consciousness which separates him from other boys in the group. Club life must be incidental to the boys' life rather than the most important part. It has its place and is of untold value when the personal equation of leadership is what it ought to be and the democratic organization finds a place for all. Very sincerely,

Winnetka, Ill. J. W. DAVIES.

Editor UNITY:

For some time you have been kind enough to send me your paper without expense to me. I want to thank you for the courtesy and express my appreciation of your "organ."

Theologically I do not agree with many things in it. I am hopelessly orthodox. For instance, the poem on the front page of the issue of Oct. 13 expresses a beautiful sentiment, but I cannot dodge the feeling that while all roads hereabouts lead to Chicago, if I go the wrong direction on any of them I am not apt to get to the city very soon; neither can I bring myself to believe that some men I know quite well are going to reach God very soon, unless they turn around and go the other way.

However, the things I don't agree with are usually so clearly put that they help me in my thinking.

When you touch items of social life and public policy, I do agree with you, most emphatically. The article on "The Boy" in the same issue strikes rock bottom. I thank you again for the paper.

Sincerely yours,

Lacon, Ill.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE MINISTRY?

EDITOR OF UNITY:

The problem of the recruiting of the ministry in these days is bad enough, and every friend of the cause will welcome any voice that can help find a way of solution. But it doesn't help to have the real facts of the case misunderstood; and while I know that my friend John Haynes Holmes has no least desire to do injustice or make misstatement of facts, his article in your issue of October 27th is very misleading,—and so, harmful.

It is true that, during the last year, "forty-seven ministers have been dropped from the Unitarian Year Book against twenty-one new ones admitted"; and that in lesser degree this disparity of numbers has appeared for several years past; but there is a more hopeful and satisfactory explanation for at any rate

a considerable part of this situation than the one Mr. Holmes hints at.

Under new rules of the Fellowship Committee, adopted in Chicago a year ago, a searching revision of the Year-Book list was made this year, to the end that a number of names that have been carried for many years without good reason were cut off at once; and for several years past, though without the full warrant which the new rules gave, the same committee has been endeavoring to relieve the list of names not properly belonging there, and also to reduce the number of men entering the ministry who obviously would have doubtful chance to succeed. Mr. Holmes' phrase, "decided last year to leave the active ministry," has, to those who know, a pathetically humorous sound! At best it is euphonistic.

And here is a factor which cannot be presented through statistics, and can be discussed only with delicacy. Those acquainted with the history of the Unitarian ministry know that there were certain periods of the past when it was easy to enter our ranks, and when men not well-fitted for our actual work or congenial to our growing ideals flocked to our standards and took chances of success. The exactions for admission to our theological schools were easier, and the costs of education less troublesome. Of the many men thus called, "few were chosen" for continued success; yet their names, once in the Year Book stayed there. Now we venture to assert, (knowing that some admirable men have been lost to the ministry whom we can ill spare), that the majority of the men "withdrawing from the ministry" are not withdrawn from the real company of men in actual service or vital usefulness; they are not our efficient men, or our more progressive men. On the other hand we venture to predict that a higher per cent of the less-numerous company now entering the ministry will make good, will hold out to the end, and will count on the vital side of things. In other words, we guard the doors of entrance more carefully than used to be the case; and the ministry, no longer a coddled profession, is less attractive than it once was to weaklings and incompetents who must fall by the way. The process of selection is completed *before* ordination instead of afterward; while the bad results of "selection by disaster" still linger with us, to make the percentage of older men dropping by the way abnormal.

This does not mean that the demand for more young men "of the right sort" to fit for the liberal ministry is not very urgent; and men with the vigor and ability of Mr. Holmes must be sought out more eagerly to enlist in our cause. But let us not allow factors that really make for success be mistaken to count for hindrance.

GEORGE H. BADGER,
Chairman of the Committee of Fellowship for the National Unitarian Conference.

LET US HAVE THE COMMITTEE.

We should all thank Mr. Holmes for his statistics and observations upon withdrawals from the Unitarian ministry. Manifestly in this investigation we have nothing to do with withdrawals through death, over and above the general problem of human longevity. Our questions are confined to the living. I presume we are justified in assuming that these withdrawals have been voluntary.

A number of questions at once come to mind and the following list may easily be extended:

At what age did each one enter the ministry?

At what age did each one leave it?

Is an age indicated that might be called the "dead line"?

From what denomination did each one come, if from any?

Into what denomination did each one go, if into any?

Into what business did each one go, if into any?

How was each one situated financially?

What churches did each one occupy, with length of pastorates?

What preparation for the ministry did each one have?

Did any return to the Unitarian ministry?

What emphasis did each one place upon social service?

What is the proportion of Unitarian withdrawals in comparison with other denominations?

Personally, in my short experience in the ministry, I know something of the withdrawals during the past five years. Several factors usually bring about the result. It is a difficult and somewhat delicate subject. Yet it should bear investigation.

One is tempted to construct a list of "Mights." Might not a congregation contribute toward driving a minister from the ministry by its treatment of the minister?

Might not a minister help to drive himself from the ministry?

Might not an older self-seeking minister become an agent to drive a young minister from the ministry?

Might not the support of family cause withdrawal under certain conditions?

And might not the minister who places social service primary to the prophetic message be regarded as headed for the broad highway of "Withdrawal"?

Or the minister who is Unitarian because he is not Orthodox,—but let us not multiply the "Mights".

Let us have the committee appointed. Let Mr. Holmes take the initiative to bring it about through the proper channels. We shall then at least approach the facts.

FRED ALBAN WEIL.
Unitarian Chapel, Bellingham, Washington.

LILLIE

My dear, fourteen today, a sonnet should
Be sung to welcome dawning womanhood;
My muse doth halt, but fain for you would soar,
Beckoning sweet angels to life's opening door.
Your praises I would speak, so justly earned,
Whose chanting in these lines must not be spurned;
Because, sweet girl, your virtues so combine
That in them Nature pours her richst wine.
We know what sunshine fills your soul to cheer
Your home, and make to all your presence dear.
Your name is symbol of the pure within,—
Fair Lillie, may you all fair graces win:
Be good, do good, be happy all life's day,

A. J. B.

There are hovels so radiant and redolent with a high and beautiful life, that we count them courts of the immortals. There was conventional high life, I presume, in Sodom; but the only variety which the angels recognized was found in Lot's tent, at the gate of the city; and for the rest, the flames disposed of it. There was a good deal of nominal high life, without doubt, among the antedeluvians; but there was only one family that was high enough to keep its head above water.—Plain Talks, in High Life and Low Life.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....Jenkin Lloyd Jones
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....Edith Lackersteen
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....Mrs. Wm. Kent, Miss Mary E. Hawley

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin, Albion W. Small

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt.—Some weeks ago, from the vantage point of my library desk, I called attention in these columns to a work, "Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man," in which, after world-wide research, the author was led to trace the religious, mystic and occult symbols of the most widely separated peoples and lands back to a common source in the great mother-land of Egypt. Today it is my pleasure to again take my Unity constituency to that wonderland; this time for some glimpses of a religion and its founder.

Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt, has been for nearly two decades a figure of very real interest to the Egyptologist and the savant. It was in 1893 that Professor Flinders Petrie excavated the site of the beautiful city founded by this Pharaoh and published the results of his work. Others, among them our own Professor J. H. Breasted, have treated his period in masterly fashion in their publications on Egypt. It has remained, however, for Arthur E. P. Weigall, chief inspector of the Department of Antiquities, Upper Egypt, to gather up and present in a volume of moderate compass, all the essential facts about this wonderful young ruler, who lived more than thirteen hundred years before Christ, and to do it with a clearness and a sympathetic understanding that must make Akhnaton seem forevermore like a personal acquaintance to any intelligent reader, who takes up this book, "Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt."

The immediate inspiration for the writing of this popular account was the discovery, by Mr. Theodore M. Davis, of the body of Akhnaton at Thebes, early in 1907. Of the discoveries bearing on the subject, Mr. Weigall says:

"During the last few years an extraordinary series of discoveries has been made in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. In 1903 the tomb of Thothmes IV, the paternal grandfather of Akhnaton, was discovered; in 1905 the tombs of Yuaa and Tuau, the maternal grandparents of Akhnaton, were found; in 1907 Akhnaton's body was discovered in the tomb of his mother, Queen Tiy; and in 1908 the tomb of the Pharaoh Horembeb, one of the immediate successors of Akhnaton, was brought to light. At all but the first of these discoveries the present writer had the pleasure of assisting; and a particular interest in the period was thus engendered, of which the following sketch, prepared during an Upper Egyptian summer, is the outcome."

The particular interest of this Pharaoh for us lies in the fact that he was the founder of a new religion, which his wealth and absolute power, combined with his rare insight and beauty of character, enabled him to introduce and make dominant during his lifetime in spite of the hostility of the great Amon priesthood. What was this religion that it should have any living interest for us today?

"Originally the Aton was the actual sun's disk; but, as has been said, the God was now called 'Heat-which-is-in-Aton,' and Akhnaton, concentrating his attention on this aspect of the godhead, drew the eyes of his followers towards a force far more intangible and distant than the dazzling orb to which they bowed down. Akhnaton's conception of God, as we now begin to observe it, was as the power which created the sun, the energy which penetrated to this earth in the sun's heat and caused all things to grow. At the present day the scientist will tell you that God is the ultimate source of life, that where natural explanation fails, there God is to be found. He is, in a word, the author of energy, the primal motive power of all known things. Akhnaton, centuries upon centuries before the birth of the scientist, defined God in just this manner. In an age when men believed, as some do still, that a deity was but an exaggerated creature of this earth, having a form built on material lines, this youthful Pharaoh proclaimed God to be the formless essence, the intelligent germ, the loving force, which permeated time and space. Let it be clearly understood that the Aton as conceived by the young Pharaoh was in no sense one of those old deities which our God ultimately replaced in Egypt. The Aton is God as we conceive him. There is no quality attributed by the king to the Aton, which we do not attribute to our God. Like a flash of blinding light in the night-time, the Aton stands out for a moment amidst the black Egyptian darkness, and disappears once more—the first signal to the world of the future religion of the west. No man whose mind is free from prejudice will fail to see a far closer resemblance to the teachings of Christ in the religion of Akhnaton than in that of Abraham; Isaac and Jacob. The faith of the patriarchs is the lineal ancestor of the Christian faith, but the creed of Akhnaton is its isolated prototype. One might believe that Almighty God had for a moment revealed himself to Egypt, and had been more clearly, though more momentarily, interpreted there than ever he was in Syria or Palestine before the time of Christ."

So says our author. Time and space will not permit the demonstration of his thesis by extended quotation, but there is a beautiful hymn by Akhnaton, which is wonderfully suggestive of the one hundred and fourth psalm. From it two stanzas must be quoted:

"Thou art He who createst the man-child in woman,
Who makest seed in man,
Who givest life to the son in the body of his mother,
Who soothest him that he may not weep,
A nurse (even) in the womb.

Who giveth breath to animate every one that He maketh,
When he hath come forth therefrom.
On the day of his birth,
Thou openest his mouth in speech,
Thou suppliest his necessities.

When the chicken crieth in the egg-shell,
Thou givest him breath therein, to preserve him alive;
When Thou hast perfected him
That he may pierce the egg,
He cometh forth from the egg,
To chirp with all his might;
He runneth about upon his two feet,
When he hath come forth therefrom.

How manifold are all Thy Works!
They are hidden from before us,
O Thou sole God, whose powers no other possesseth."

Get the book and read yourself back into the time and thoughts of this old-time, yet so modern thinker, who died at the age of twenty-eight.

M. E. H.

Only think of it! a revival of piety, a new power of love to God, and love for all his laws, writ in the flesh and spirit, mind and conscience, heart and soul, and a consequent love of morality—the will and conscience going side by side, like Caleb and Joshua, bringing home such clusters from the promised land; an increase of intellect, power of use, power of beauty, power of truth; a great growth of economy, industry, and riches.—Theodore Parker.

THE VISITOR VS. THE VISITEE.

Dear reader, which would you rather be,
The visitor, or the visitee?
Now don't take time to analyze,
Or logicize, or theorize,
So that your answer'll neatly fit
And show off your wisdom just a bit,—
Please know this from the very start;
I want the answer from your heart,
So that in this particular,
I'll know how mean or good you are.
I here concede (a shameful thing)
The question's quite embarrassing,
But that calls not for any halt,
For that, you know, is not my fault.
I want your answer straight and true,
For else how shall I measure you?
You bristle, and you quick retort
In language something of this sort:
"Are you my mentor and my master;
"You, Sir, a puling poetaster?
"Why should you know what I prefer?
"Why should you probe my character?
"What preference I may possess
"Is none of your blanked business!"
Well, come to think, I guess that's true;
You're naught to me; I'm naught to you,
Except in that potential sense
That has no direct consequence.
Your wrath is natural, but say,
It gives you clean plumb dead away—
You're visitor, not visitee,
Else you wouldn't have got so mad at me.

WILLIAM COLBY COOPER, M. D.

Cleves, O.

THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT IN FRANCE

THE SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—Among the manifestations of social progress in this disturbing France, none is more interesting, more vital and picturesque than the movement called the "Co-operation of Ideas," the visible expression of which is the People's University. It is well for American lovers of higher thought to know the character of this movement. At the present moment, when no doubt a sensational press has represented the working class of France in a state of insurrection second in violence only to the great Revolution, it is not amiss to call attention to that earnest, peaceful effort toward ethical growth which a large group among them are quietly carrying on.

The People's University is nothing more than a series of nightly reunions for the instruction of the laboring class in all the higher culture reserved, in general, for the privileged world. Materially speaking, this institution lacks grandeur. The meetings are held in a former hall of "cafe-concert," in the popular quarter of the Faubourg, St. Antoine, celebrated for its revolutionary barricades in 1848. Almost in front of the antiquated House of the People that we are describing stands the statue of the Deputé Baudin, who, as representative of the popular government, threw away his life in the effort to arrest the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. "Citizens," he cried, leading the charge against the troops of the self-constituted emperor, "Look how one dies for twenty-five francs a day." Today the *députés* would perhaps refuse to die so gallantly for the larger remuneration that they have allotted themselves. The same conflict exists, however, between the autocratic and the popular principles, although this conflict is disguised under the name of an ostensible republic. And it is again the People's University which gives the hope of an ultimate accord.

The originators of this humanitarian enterprise were several men of the cultured ranks, generous enough to desire a reconciliation of classes springing out of the superior education of the toilers. The idea was not to make a class of erudites, but to develop a force of *men*, by offering to those who work with their hands the same ideals as possess those whom a superior fortune exempts from this slavery. For labor becomes a slavery the moment it is refused its illumination in knowledge and ethical understanding. "It is a necessity for a Democracy to work for social education, and to place in reach of all its best ideas and thought." Though the institution is now directed by the working men themselves, it is to the honor of these thinkers—professors of the Sorbonne, editors and social leaders, that they have conceived the plan of a co-operation of ideas that would enable the men's working class to participate in the larger currents of modern life.

The spirit of France is not, however, conciliatory, like that of America. A too long tradition, too many envying factions, exist for an effort in this larger sense to receive undisputed encouragement. The People's University has known vicissitudes since its foundation twelve years ago. Those who created it have, for various reasons or dissentiments, gone out from the fold. From the ethical standpoint, strangely enough to American eyes, both Catholics and Protestants have held it in suspicion. Not all, of course; for among the most illustrious, who come to freely offer the word of uplifting, are such men as the pastor, Charles Wagner, well-known to America. Notable ecclesiastics of the Catholic faith have not measured their support. Men of high ethical standards outside the orthodox rules of either church have shown the truth as they conceive it. Scientists, men of letters, historians, economists and artists, have lent a helping hand to uplift to broader horizons an eager mass, hitherto restrained in the narrow circle of their tasks. "Work in order to eat, eat in order to work,"—what a rule to be imposed upon thousands of human beings, by a society selfishly undemocratic! It was a revolt against such an injustice that organized this altruistic movement.

One who has attended the evening classes at Hull House, that parallel effort toward social "assimilation" organized by one of the most generous woman souls that has ever existed, think of the scene and of Miss Addams' work at a lecture or fête in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Over there, it is America absorbing and recreating Europe. Here, it is Europe attempting to overcome the despotism of caste, and to Americanize itself in a larger freedom and tolerance. These simple and modest gatherings are symbols of a new faith and will have as much influence upon the popular mind as the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. Not built in stone, but in a spiritual tissue of unalterable woof, these People's Universities will be "the cathedrals of the democracy, by the faith that will build them, by the art that they will give birth to, by the luminous era that they will mark."

J. S. G.

John I. Oswald, President and Treasurer Chas. F. Blakely, Vice President
James P. Kugler, Secretary

THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.

Printers and Binders

Telephone Main 235 126-132 Market Street, Chicago

FONGER'S SANITARY BAKERY

Shop and Ovens in rear of store. Your inspection invited

3852 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone Douglas 5962

CLARK-LYON COMPANY

Successors to W. D. Clark & Co.

Fine Groceries and Meats

3917-19 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE.

Gift Books of Interest and Permanent Value

Fiction

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

With four illustrations in full color, and a full-color wrap, by the Kinneys, $1.50.

"Miss Cooke's first novel has qualities which attract more than a passing fancy. In addition to clever dialogue, picturesque and vivid descriptions of bohemian artist life in Chicago, and a perennially interesting theme, it manifests serious purpose and some clear and definite ideas about life. . . . The general handling of the theme shows sanity and insight."—Chicago Evening Post, Friday Literary Review.

IN TOWN, and Other Conversations.

Illustrated by Rebecca Kruttschnitt. 12mo. Boards. $1.25 net.

By Janet Ayer Fairbank.

Under the title of "The Tea Table," these "conversations" have appeared this year in the Sunday Record-Herald, where they have attracted much favorable attention. The same characters appear on each occasion, and the talk is concerned with topics of the moment, handled in an amusing and highly natural manner. The illustrations are from pencil drawings of uncommon delicacy, and the book is printed and bound with an exceptional smartness typical of its contents.

For Children

THE LITTLE OLD OUTLAWS: A Book of Children's Verses.

By Anne Archbold Miller.

Illustrated and decorated. 75 cents net.

"The lover of the beautiful in books will hesitate long before he declares that he ever saw a daintier little volume than this. Its hand-lettered pages, illustrated both by drawings and by really artistic photographs, with their delicately decorated borders, make one want to read it, and the subject matter is not disappointing."—The Presbyterian Advance.

For Parents

STORY TELLING: What To Tell and How To Tell It.

By Edna Lyman. Small 16mo. 75 cents net.

"There are many amateurs as well as teachers to whom this book will be a boon"—Chicago Daily News.

Music

STANDARD MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES

By George P. Upton, Author of "The Standard Operas," "Musical Memories," Etc.

Uniform with "The Standard Operas," etc. Fully illustrated. 12mo. $1.75.

"Mr. Upton's own estimates are remarkably sane and just, and he has added the opinions of other distinguished critics. Of some of his favorites he writes with real affection, notably of Schubert. Not a few of the composers Mr. Upton has known personally, and this enables him to introduce anecdotes and information at first hand.—The Nation.

MY VOICE AND I: Or, The Relation of the Singer to the Song.

By Clara Kathleen Rogers. (Clara Doria). With Portrait. 12mo. $1.50 net.

The author sets forth many new ideas in voice training and lays much stress upon the relations between voice and musical perception, the student's volition, and the cultivation of his brain power. The work is written in a thorough manner and scientific spirit. Mr. George P. Upton contributes an introductory note.

Novelties

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE; LOVE FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD CHEER.

By Grace Browne Strand (Editor).

Prettily illustrated and daintily bound with "cameo" designs. Each, 50 cents net.

"The volumes consist of the choicest selections from the choicest writers on the topics that form the titles, and furnish the most fruitful quotations for the reader's future use. The books appear with cover decorations and striking marginal drawings in color and in black and white."—Wisconsin State Journal.

A. C. McCLURG & CO., PUBLISHERS. Chicago, New York, San Francisco

For Sale at All Bookstores

LaFayette
French Lick
West Baden Springs
Louisville

Convenient Station — New Modern Trains

These, as well as perfect service, good road beds and greatest safety, make the Monon the ideal road to use in going to these points. All trains start from the easily accessible Dearborn Station, Polk street, convenient to Chicago's business district and hotels. All Monon trains stop at 47th St. (Phone Yards 1582) and 63rd St. (Phone Went. 525). Two trains daily each way—day trains with parlor and dining cars—night trains with electric lighted sleeping cars. City Ticket Office, 182 Clark St., Phone Central 5487.

MONON ROUTE

BOOKS

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. net $1.50

What Does Christmas Really Mean? John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. With colored cartoon cover and frontispiece by Mr. McCutcheon. Boards ..... .50

Love and Loyalty. Sermon preached to the Confirmation Classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Cloth, net, ...$1.50

Sermons preached to the Confirmation Classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Net, $1.50.

THE ONLY WAY

Between

CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
PEORIA SPRINGFIELD AND
KANSAS CITY

"Alton" Trains
No Noise RIDE EASY No Dust

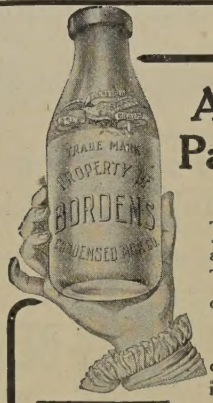
Rock Ballast Roadbed

Perfect Passenger Service

Chicago & Alton R.R.

R. J. McKAY, General Passenger Agent, Chicago

FOR
ICE CREAM
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity telephone Oakland 290
Frozen Arts
743 East 43rd St.



Are You Particular ???

The most important article of food is milk. The most important question is its purity.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the milkman who is to supply the family with milk.

Supreme for Quality

For over half a century we have given the production, preparation and distribution of milk the most careful study.

Our wagons pass your door every day.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Tel. Central 4209 42 E. Madison St.

Chicago : Evanston : Oak Park : Maywood
Phones at all Branch Offices

DRUGS BEST QUALITY COMPLETE STOCK
C. R. WALGREEN & CO.
Successors to W. G. Valentine
3900 Cottage Grove Ave.

Have an Electrical Christmas

IF you want to surprise, as well as delight your family and friends, make this an Electrical Christmas.

Light your tree with a Miniature Electric Lighting Outfit. No danger from fire. Inexpensive to buy and to use. Festoons consist of 8, 16, 24 or 32 vari-colored lamps. Ready to attach. No wireman necessary.

Art Lamps
Bread Toasters
Chafing Dishes
Cigar Lighters
Coffee Percolators
Corn Poppers
Curling Irons
Hair Dryers
Shaving Mugs

Laundry Irons
Sewing Machine Motors
Shaving Mirrors
Traveling Irons
Vacuum Cleaners
Water Heaters
Washing Machines

Select your gifts from among the many electrical devices, which make not only ornamental but useful gifts. These gifts will be appreciated and the price is within the reach of all.

Before buying your gifts, don't fail to visit ELECTRIC SHOP and ask to see the thousand and one appropriate, novel and useful Electrical gifts.

Electric Shop — Chicago
Jackson and Michigan Boulevards

BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136
Fine Residence Work Especially
Electricians and Locksmiths
3975 Cottage Grove Ave

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston -·- Chicago -·- *Oak Park*

HIMLA TEAS

Any kind, any size package, at any first class grocer. Better than any tea, sold anywhere

DUTCH CLUB COFFEE

One tin used according to the directions in the can will prove its value better than we could write in a year. Your grocer has it.

TRY IT

R. G. Smith & Company
CHICAGO

PROCTOR ACADEMY
Andover, N. H.

Healthfully located in the foothills of the White Mountains. Co-educational. Separate Dormitories. New Buildings. Preparatory and Business Courses. Certificate Privileges. Social Culture. Gymnasium. 10 Acre athletic field. $250 a year—no extras. For catalogue address Theodore Parker Farr, A. M., Principal.

KEISTER'S LADIES' TAILORING COLLEGE
MARIE BALLEW

Bush Temple of Music
800-808 N. CLARK STREET
Cor. Chicago Avenue

Oakland Music Hall Bldg.
3977 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Corner 40th Street

WRITE OR CALL

HAND SAPOLIO
FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

J. H. CRAWFORD
Stationery, Blanks
School and Miscellaneous Books
School Supplies
Fountain, Gold and Stub Pens
Birthday and Post-Cards
City and State Maps
City Trolley and Auto Maps
Toys, Cutlery, Combs and Brushes
Daily Papers and Magazines
Confectionery
Two Circulating Libraries
3950 Cottage Grove Ave.
Two Doors South of Oakwood Blvd.

Phone Douglas 1442
SCHUMANN & CO.
For
High-Grade Work and Prompt Deliveries
to do your
CLEANING
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.
Four Doors South of Drexel State Bank

Drexel State Bank of Chicago
CORNER OAKWOOD BOULEVARD and COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE
CAPITAL $200,000.00

The strong mark of confidence in this Institution is evidenced by its Nine Thousand satisfied depositors, due to its conservative management and uniform courtesy to all.

Three Per Cent Paid on Savings Deposits. Your Checking Account Invited.

An Old Established Bank for South-Siders

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS

Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work

PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO

BISSELL LAUNDRY

231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
Is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today,

QUALITY BUT-O-NUT NUT BUTTER PURITY
PEANUT BUTTER
CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.
214-216 S. Water St., Chicago

Robert Patrick Plumbing Co.
STEAM & HOT WATER HEATING
Plumbing and Heating Contractors
Estimates Furnished Phone Douglas 3440 3960 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

Ideal Cream
For Chapped and Rough Skin
Prepared by
WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

Our Leader $50.00 business suit, made of imported serge in different shades of blue and black.

H. ZEISS

Ladies Tailor

1418 E. 47th Street
Chicago

Phone Oakland 1269

4647 Grand Boulevard
Phone Oakland 319

Muir
CHICAGO
ESTABLISHED
1865

Flowers
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

3530 Michigan Avenue
Phone Douglas 319-338

The DREXEL LAUNDRY
3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642
BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

MADE OF CREAM
Thompson's Ice Cream
WE CATER PARTICULARLY TO SCHOOLS,
CHURCHES, LODGES, FAMILIES, ETC.
Phone Oakland 1177 43rd and Evans

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS
INCORPORATED
Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

By the best tests— it tests the best
WANZER'S GERM—NO MILK
Chemists approve it.
Doctors prescribe it.
Children want it.
SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
19 - 21 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817
6313-6315 Kimbark Ave Phone Hyde Park 207